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"LOVE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JOHN COLLINS.

True love is like a mountain stream.
Down rushing in its glorious might,
Now, smiling in the sunny day,
Deep in shadow, lost to sight.
Fed by the dew and virgin snow,
Unquelled by foot of living thing,
To woods and hills and vale below,
Its waters richest blessings bring.

Still widening as it onward flows,
Nor rock nor mound its course can stay,
In foaming cataracts it runs,
Or winds through plains its devious way.
To haunts of men or desert wastes
Alike it bears its tribe free;
Still deeper rolls along—then hastens
To mingle with the boundless sea.

Pure as the first warm breath of spring,
Fragrant with scent of earliest flowers,
But dearer for the blossoming
Of true love in our childhood's hours.
Unseen may be the growing tie,
Untold the passion in the breast,
But faltering words and kindling eye
Will tell the tale of sore unrest.

A word—a look that spell may break,
Blending two hearts for eye in one,
Each living for the other's sake
In calm or storm till life is done,
Gently, as slopes the mountain side
To meet the wide-extended vale,
Still blessed and blessing, on they glide,
Though health and strength and hopes may fail.

And deeper yet affection flows,
As the swift-circling years go by,
Brightly, as placid water glows
With purest colors of the sky.
Thus, verging towards life's solemn main,
Their home on earth—their hopes above—
Parted awhile, they meet again
In happier climes where "God is Love."

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST. A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWERS," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILLY," "REFUGEE,"
"BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

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1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court of the United States, in and for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST FLIGHT AND CAPTURE.

"Hist!" whispered Henry, to his trembling companion, as he reached out and drew his rifle from the old tree against which it was leaning; "not a sound above your breath! Yet do not be too much alarmed, for I am almost certain I was not discovered; and if so, we are as safe here as a mile away. Remain perfectly quiet here, dear Isoline, and let me creep forward and reconnoitre."

"Oh, Henry, you will not leave me! I must go with you!"

"Follow me, then, but so cautiously as not to stop the smallest twig, for these savages have very sharp ears, and I tremble to think what would be your doom should anything occur to betray our presence here."

We have said the island was thickly covered with trees and bushes, but the whole space was small; and from the spot where Henry first discovered the Indians, to the point where he could look out through a close covert upon the open grove of the main land, was only a few yards—though so great was his caution that he was comparatively a long time in reaching it.

When at length he did get there, he saw that which not only made his shoulder, but awakened the most strange and conflicting emotions—for there, on the very spot where he had stopped with his fair companion to gaze around upon the beauties of the place, stood six hideously painted savages and three white men—one of the latter being no other than his long lost friend, Charles Hampton, the second Methoso, and the third the villain who had attempted to decry himself and companions above the Ohio.

A thousand thoughts rushed whirling through his brain in a moment. Hampton then was not dead, but had managed to join the Indians, and perhaps had invited them to follow the train in the hope of finding some opportunity of attacking it at advantage, and of carrying out his own wicked purpose of obtaining revenge and getting possession of Isoline. It was natural to conjecture that they had observed where two hours had turned off from the main body the day before, and that a part of them at least had followed that trail, and it might be that the storm had saved himself and companion from immediate capture. It was unnecessary to imagine what movements had been made subsequently, since

it was clear enough that this party had got upon their trail after the loss of the horses, and that nothing but the darkness had again saved them from the hands of their enemies. At daylight of the present morning it was probable those savages had again discovered their trail and rapidly pursued it to Methoso's cabin, where the white Indian, conversing with them in their own language, had undoubtedly given them all the information in his power, and had then willingly joined them in the pursuit.

So much for the past, but what of the future? It was terrible to contemplate! Henry saw that he and Isoline were already out of their companion, whom they had so suddenly hoped to join soon, and what chance of escape had they now? The thought of their present condition made him shudder; and yet he felt grateful to that kind Providence which had so wonderfully preserved them thus far, and even here had caused them to turn aside and perhaps be saved from the capture that would have ensued had they continued their flight.

All these thoughts went through the brain of Henry almost at a flash as his eye rested upon the terrible group before him. For some cause the whole party had halted upon the very spot where he and Isoline had stopped scarcely more than an hour before, but evidently not like him to admire the surrounding beauties. The Indians were speaking together in the thick, guttural tones of their native tongue, and gesticulating rapidly, almost fiercely; and the white men were standing a little apart and looking at them—two of them evidently listening, understanding, and Hampton noting the debate or dispute with the interest of one concerned in the issue. Of what they said, Henry of course knew nothing; but from their gestures he judged that the majority were for continuing the pursuit, and one or two were for turning back. If so, the counsels of the former evidently prevailed—for suddenly the whole group of Indians sprang forward along the trail, and the white men as quickly followed.

Henry now turned back to Isoline, who had stopped a couple of paces behind him; and his face was so white, and his look so full of distress and dismay, that she involuntarily clasped her hands and gasped:

"What is it?"

"Did you see, dear Isoline?"

"No, nothing—I dared not creep up near enough—but I heard strange voices."

"Charles Hampton, Methoso, and the white deer, are united with six Indians in pursuit of us."

"Merciful God!"

"They have gone forward on our trail, but they will soon find where it ceases, and then I fear they will suspect the truth and begin a search of this island."

"Oh, Father in Heaven!" gasped Isoline, pressing her hands upon her heart, with a look of terrible despair.

For a few moments Henry seemed lost in distracting thought.

"It must be done!" he at length said, in a startling whisper; "there is no other hope!"

Isoline looked the question her lips did not pronounce.

"Should the Indians come back here to make a search, as I believe they will, there is no place on this island where we could long escape their keen eyes!" pursued Henry; "and if we were to fly now, and get off without being discovered, they would soon be upon our fresh trail and overtake us!"

"Then we are lost!" gasped Isoline.

"One only hope remains, but it is a desperate risk, and will require all your courage—all your nerve!"

"Speak what is it?"

"You must place your life in my hands, and we leap into the rushing waves, and let them bear us downward wherever God wills!"

"Yes, my dear friend!" hurriedly answered Isoline; "I will do whatever you advise! I will command my soul to God, and trust all to Him and you!"

"If you will only remain positively in the water, and not clutch me convulsively and remember my limbs, I think I can guide you safely to the shore; if not, dear Isoline, at least I will perish with you."

"Oh, no, no, Henry, my dear friend!" returned Isoline, with the self-sacrifice of a noble soul; "do not give up your own life; but if you find you cannot save both, at least save yourself!"

"Isoline," replied Henry, fairly trembling with the excess of various conflicting emotions, "I receive your command in the spirit it is meant, and therefore forgive you; but oh! you do not know me, do not comprehend my feelings, or such words would never have been spoken! To give you up now, is more than to give up life itself, to see you perish now, would be to see the beauties, the joys, the glories of the world swept away forever!—to see the brightness of existence become a rayless gloom! But, come! come! we are wasting precious time! wasting moments on which our very salvation may depend!"

"Ah, Heaven has mercy! back to that trail!" Our foes have discovered that our trail no longer leads that way, and they will soon be back here in search of us! Quick, quick, dear Isoline! gather all your nerve for the great trial, and follow me, for life or for death!"

He hurriedly crept back through the bushes, fearing to stand upright lest he should be discovered.

covered,) to the edge of the rushing, roaring stream, and Isoline closely followed him. Then came the thought of Methoso's rifle—how was he to dispose of that? To attempt carrying it in his hand, would be to endanger the life of his sweet companion; to leave it, or sink it in the water, would almost be to give up the hope of preserving food to live on in the event of escape, or anything of losing the means of defense, a moment of rapid thought, and he determined to lash it to his back. He regretted it was loaded for the charge in it would become wet and difficult to remove, and to fire it is of course almost certain to bring the Indians upon him directly upon the spot. There was no time for delay—whatever he would do he must do quickly—and having decided upon his plan, he forthwith carried it into execution. Fortunately he had a small cord in the pocket of his hunting frock, and with this and his belt, his own nimble hands, and the trembling fingers of Isoline working under his direction, he soon had his rifle secured in the manner he intended.

All was now prepared for the perilous undertaking before him—the committing of himself and sweet charge to the mercy of God in the dark, turbid waters of the river rushing along at their feet; and taking a hand of the pallid, shuddering girl in his, he solemnly asked:

"Are you ready, dear one, for the fearful trial for life or for death?"

"As ready now, dear friend, as I ever may be!" came from her aky lips. "To your care, dear Henry, under God, I commit myself, for time or for eternity!"

"And may the good God continue His mercies to us!" he prayed. "Lap!"

They both sprang forward together; and down they went, with a silent plunge, into the rapid stream, the dark waters for a moment closing over them with a triumphant gurgle.

Henry was a good swimmer, and his presence of mind did not desert him; but Isoline gasped, and clutched wildly hold of him, in a manner that required all his strength and skill to save them both from a watery grave. He was equal to the emergency, however, and soon had her in a position where she could do him no harm; and then, as they were floundering down the bosom of the current, he gave his whole attention to keeping her head above water, and avoiding collision with the rocks, trees and obstructions along the shore. Once when their sight could penetrate through the foliage and rank vegetation to the earth beneath, that they had at last reached a place of absolute safety for whatever time they might chance to remain there. Of course their clothes were wet through and clinging to them in a manner not the most pleasant; but fortunately the air was warm and would not chill them, and they were not too grateful for their deliverance, and had no much matter for serious consideration to bewail even a thought upon such trifles.

Henry now examined his powder-horn, and found to his satisfaction that the contents were perfectly dry. He next unfastened his rifle and examined it. It had been submerged so long that the powder in the pan, and probably in the barrel also, was wet and useless; but fortunately the air was warm and would not chill them, and they were not too grateful for their deliverance, and had no much matter for serious consideration to bewail even a thought upon such trifles.

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From that moment he felt that the danger of the water was past; and when the first bend of the river was turned, so that the savages above could not possibly see them, he began to breathe freer, and once more to have hope. He soon managed to get Isoline fairly upon the log and himself by her side, and then he had only to preserve a proper balance and let the current carry them forward.

In this way they floated on downward for something like a mile, when they came to a wild, romantic spot, where the river narrowed and the banks were steep and high, with trees and bushes growing down to the water and reaching far over it.

"Perhaps, dear Isoline," he said, "we shall find no better place for landing than this. Here is a noble thicket, in which to conceal ourselves and rest; and by climbing into the thick branches of some of these trees, I do not think that the sharp eyes of our enemies would be able to discover us, even should they come searching down the bank of the river."

"Do as you think best, my dear friend," she replied, in a low, sweet tone, expressive of the most unbounded confidence in him, her guide and protector. "I am only too thankful to you, under God, for our present escape, and shall trust everything to your discretion and judgment."

"God bless you, dear lady!" he replied, with passionate warmth; "and if I may only be permitted to save you from this awful peril of the wilderness, and restore you to the arms of your beloved father, I shall see the happiest moments of my eventful life!"

"Oh, my dear, dear father!" exclaimed Isoline, bursting into tears; "shall I ever behold him again?"

"I have great hope now," replied Henry; "for if we can only succeed in finding these savages a while longer, they will certainly give up the search. Doubtless they would have given up the search, but for the promptings of that fiend incarnate, who is seeking you for a wicked purpose."

"You allude to Charles Hampton?" said Isoline, with a shudder.

"Yes! I think him, in this case, the master spirit of evil! How he clung to fall in with that other treacherous villain, I cannot imagine, unless he purposely sought refuge among the Indians after his wild flight that night in the forest; but unquestionably the two have joined forces in a wicked conspiracy!"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

The Chilian-Spanish Scene—Church Colors—Cavalry Charges—The Fete—The Man—A Bit of Dash.

In all countries of Europe, and in our own, national characteristics show conclusively that *ad captiendas vulpas* is the first popular consideration, that even pastime itself being ordered to fit the genius of those for whom it is prepared, varies in different countries as much in its features as do the countries and people themselves.

Thus—in Russia, a fete, be it of state, or of a station on the road to Tobolik, is always a slow, grave, stately affair—much like the clumsy antics of a gathering of Polar bears.

In Germany, all festivals—whatever the occasion, are very German. The main features always—mutes—brave bands, Rhine wine, lager beer, and Sohler. In Spain, whatever the nature of the fete, *Bull Fight* is the main feature. In France, public carnivals of all sorts always remind a foreigner of banquet chickens, and hams, hams, hams. John Bull runs Rule Britannia and *God Save the Queen* with all his might of lungs—last anchored in his habitat, public and private, as his “far anchored isle” itself.

The drift of all universal Yankee fêtes, feasts and carnivals, whether a Fireman’s Review, Plymouth Rock anniversary, torch-light political tramp, or Fourth of July celebration, notwithstanding our late serious disturbances, is invariably *A Puritan Union*, and “Union Fever” ever.

In Spanish America, and most especially in Chile, all public festivals take their character mainly from those of the occasion. It is only the ecclesiastical features that are always apparent and outside, and uppermost in everything. Mother Church rules absolutely in every thing—religion, state, secular.

So upon the accession to power of a new head of the Government, the Church heralds the advent of the inauguration fete, as she does the funeral obsequies of an infant, only the announcement of a grand holiday is a great deal more general and clamorous than that which tells of the departure of the dead to the panteon.

First upon Inauguration day—at the first faint streak of dawn, came the deafening clang of the ponderous bells of San Agustine, struck rapidly, and with might and main, but without measure or time for the first ten minutes, the object being to awaken all Santiago, and send the bell ringers all through the city, each one his post.

Santiago, like our American Long Island city, is justly entitled to the distinguishing title of “the city of churches,” and very nearly every church in the city of Santiago has a chime of bells—some of the bells being of extraordinary size, and very superior tone.

Gradually the bell-ringers of the great Cathedral passed without pausing, from their tremendous bang bang—into a delightful of *admirare de finis*, all the other chimes joining in, and for an hour the mighty metallic concert went on without one moment’s cessation, fresh relays of ringers reliving their fellow musicians, dropping in one at a time, maintaining the harmony intact, the monstrous symphony now rolling out in volume and cadence so deep-toned that the very ground vibrated with the peal, now almost languid in some sweet *Adagio*, or beautiful *Allegro*, like the low breathed notes of an Aeolian harp, thrilling all ears, holding all hearts entranced as if it were the music of an angelic choir.

Then in an instant as the first sunbeams gilded the lofty tower of Santiago’s grand old cathedral, simultaneously from every bell there came a crashing clang—a merry peal—then a rapid bang—bang—bang of bells, followed on the instant by a blaze of bugles, the roar of cannon, loud shouted, and sweetly chanted—“*Señor, el dia de hoy nos dice Chile!*” Cries of “*Señor, el dia de hoy nos dice Chile!*” and all Santiago was awake, sober—out doors, in the streets a foot or in saddle, and excitement, expectation, and enthusiasm were driving wild and clamorously crest, men, women and children—all eager to witness and welcome with more boisterous greeting the grand ecclesiastical procession, led by the Cardinal Jerome Valdivia, and his eminence the Archishop of Santiago in person.

First, in the grand display of church magnificence, moved the two high and bold officials, at whose passing every head was uncovered, every knee reverentially bent, attended by three score subordinate officials. These followed the escort of the Sacred Host, composed of some three hundred handsome, bravely mounted soldiers, then a deafening crash of music from four hundred military bands—not, the host itself, in all the gaitor and bassoon spangled that marked the passage through the public streets in Old Spain in the days of her greatest power.

In the rear of the Host, marching in division, came the secular army of the Roman Catholic Church—men and boys, ranked and wired as regulars, and well-appointed martial array, bare-headed, and wearing such helmet, the colors of the sun—red, yellow, red, purple, white, yellow, green and orange, with many a shade between, contrasting the various churches as plainly as the varied uniforms of an army could the different arms of the service.

Favored by the municipal and military authorities by being assigned to a position about *El Palacio* the Palace of the Queen, and mounted as we were, we had an unobstructed and most capital view of the gorgeous church pageant, by far the largest, and in all its appointments the most imposing that any one of our party had ever seen in any country. Directly after the passing of the church procession, the eager, excited thousands had apart on either hand by respect for the Sacred Host, rallied in together with a rush, collapsing like the cleft waves, parted by the swift steamer, and falling together in her wake.

We should have moved on toward the State House—Capitol, or as these South American republics prefer it, calling their capital, *Palace*—but so suddenly had the human wave closed before us, that we were blockaded in our position. Not a single yard could one of us move without endangering life and limb of women and children, and as there was no necessity that we should hurry forward, we remained quietly in position, patiently awaiting events.

Events came directly in a whirlwind charge of cavalry—a squadron of five hundred men forming the escort of the President elect, who, finding the passage thus suddenly blockaded, came down at a furious gallop, riding through

and over the crowd with as little compunction as if they had been a herd of swine.

There were shrieks of women, screams of children, and many a mad “*Cavallo!*” from the men. But the cruel cavalrymen dashed on, utterly unheeding them, intent only on clearing the way for the passage of His Excellency, General Enrique Emanuel Suberis.

There were unquestionably broken limbs and otherwise maimed victims of the mad, headlong charge. Indeed, it could not have been otherwise; but we heard of no absolute murders outright. It was a part of the grand fete, everybody said, and so everybody who had not suffered by the cavalry raid, vived and whooped as vigorously as ever, and the fete proceeded quite undisturbed by a few dozen broken limbs, and backs, and heads. A brave fete. *South American Civilization.*

Close following the reckless riders, came the new President of the Republic—a medium-sized, middle-aged, handsome, and intelligent-looking man, riding a fiery horse, white as a snow-drift, which he managed with most consummate skill, not seeming to heed the animal’s prancing and demen-vois and mad leaps at atom, all the while riding bareheaded, and having right and left to the packed throng, waving and cheering with all their might of lungs.

We said among us—particularly the ladies: “I have never seen so handsome a man, or so grand a rider, in all my life. He is the *Man* for Chile and the *Caudillo*.”

So he was, but only for a very brief period. Then there was another revolution, and another favorite, and inauguration pageant.

We were fortunate in having of our party two persons who had been for some years acquainted—one of them very intimately—with the new Chilean President. These were our fellow-countrymen, Dr. Bond and Dr. Juan Oliveira, of Buenos Ayres. It was the latter who had been for five years the intimate friend of His Excellency. So when the President approached our party, there was a mutual recognition, a cordial greeting, and then, first a general, and then at the request of his Excellency, a personal, individual introduction—welcome, a compliment, and shaking of hands all round.

The handsome President had made some complimentary remark to each one of the ladies, and was saying something especially entertaining to Miss Edith, when there was a sudden blare of bugles, a confused outcry, and great apparent commotion down toward the northern end of the *paseo*, out of which the last of the church pageant had just turned to the left, towards the palace.

For a minute or two there was nothing to give character to the confusion in front. But directly there was a rattling volley of firearms, a whirling dash hither and thither of the cavalrymen who, a few minutes previously, had so recklessly ridden down the *paseo*, the rabbit, and the cry of “*El Echoado!*” went up all along the *paseo*.

“*El Echoado! El Echoado! strove!*” exclaimed the General President, cutting short his compliments to Miss Edith, and like a flash of light was gone the white horse and his gallant rider, along the *paseo*, down toward the scene of tumult.

We were enough acquainted with the later political history of Chile to understand that the *Echoado* were partisans of the ex-President, and were still formidable in numbers and near Santiago. But it was the party in power, not the *Echoado*, that were our friends, and in thirty seconds we had all of us linked very plainly our resolution to assist our friends.

As was his practice always in all emergencies, Dr. Bond took temporary rank and position as our chief, and looking mischief, as he gathered in the ranks and unbuttoned the strap of his holsters, the doctor commanded.

“Ladies, remember where you are! Gentlemen, spur and revolver now, for our friends.”

We cleared off orders of hand in a second—but the ice did not—somehow they never would in such a set. In three minutes we were in among the *Echoado*, who were seriously formidable in numbers, a majority of them to the Presidential escort, and as we found leisure to look about us, we saw our own rebel ladies in among and at work upon a foot or in saddle, and excitement, expectation, and enthusiasm were driving wild and clamorously crest, men, women and children—all eager to witness and welcome with more boisterous greeting the grand ecclesiastical procession, led by the Cardinal Jerome Valdivia, and his eminence the Archishop of Santiago in person.

First, in the grand display of church magnificence, moved the two high and bold officials, at whose passing every head was uncovered, every knee reverentially bent, attended by three score subordinate officials. These followed the escort of the Sacred Host, composed of some three hundred handsome, bravely mounted soldiers, then a deafening crash of music from four hundred military bands—not, the host itself, in all the gaitor and bassoon spangled that marked the passage through the public streets in Old Spain in the days of her greatest power.

In the rear of the Host, marching in division, came the secular army of the Roman Catholic Church—men and boys, ranked and wired as regulars, and well-appointed martial array, bare-headed, and wearing such helmet, the colors of the sun—red, yellow, red, purple, white, yellow, green and orange, with many a shade between, contrasting the various churches as plainly as the varied uniforms of an army could the different arms of the service.

Favored by the municipal and military authorities by being assigned to a position about *El Palacio* the Palace of the Queen, and mounted as we were, we had an unobstructed and most capital view of the gorgeous church pageant, by far the largest, and in all its appointments the most imposing that any one of our party had ever seen in any country. Directly after the passing of the church procession, the eager, excited thousands had apart on either hand by respect for the Sacred Host, rallied in together with a rush, collapsing like the cleft waves, parted by the swift steamer, and falling together in her wake.

We should have moved on toward the State House—Capitol, or as these South American republics prefer it, calling their capital, *Palace*—but so suddenly had the human wave closed before us, that we were blockaded in our position. Not a single yard could one of us move without endangering life and limb of women and children, and as there was no necessity that we should hurry forward, we remained quietly in position, patiently awaiting events.

Events came directly in a whirlwind charge of cavalry—a squadron of five hundred men forming the escort of the President elect, who, finding the passage thus suddenly blockaded, came down at a furious gallop, riding through

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The old favorite of the reading public, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has passed into the hands of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

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Author of “*Prairie Flower*,” “*The Reptiles*,” “*Clara Moreland*,” &c., &c., has engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett began a continued story in the first number of the New Year, called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST:

A Tale of The Backwoods.

This story will run through from twice to fifteen numbers, and is a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians that the reader may be well acquainted with.

Mr. BELLAZ SPENCER will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following:

SPLendid List of Contributors:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Author of “*Thasos*” and other Poems

FLORIDA PRYCE, Author of “*Run to Sleep*,” &c.

MRS. LOUISA CHANDLER MOULTON, Author of “*This, That, and the Other*”

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BELLAZ SPENCER, Author of “*Ora*,” &c.

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